SUPPLEMENT TO

THE FRIEND.

HONOLULU, FEBRUARY 12, 1879.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RETURN OF EMPEROR WILHELM TO BERLIN!

After the trying and tragic events which came as a shadow over Germany, and Berlin in particular, during the past Spring and Summer, the recent return of the German Emperor in restored health and spirits, to his capital, welcomed by hundreds of thousands of his subjects,—has been a most pleasing and satisfactory event. During the Summer and early Autumn, the Kaiser has been visiting in different places in the Empire, regaining the strength and vigor which is so striking a characteristic of his advanced age, but which, it was feared, had been hopelessly shattered last June by the cowardly bullets of a would be assassin. All Germany has followed with joyful interest the encouraging statements which have appeared from time to time in the official reports in reference to his convalescence and returning strength, and the recent jubilee of welcome here proves how true and lasting a hold he has upon the hearts and love of his people. Specially marked has been the cordiality of the Rhenish Provinces, where he has been travelling and visiting during the Autumn, one city vieing with another in testifying to their Imperial Head and Father the sincerity, and depth of their loyality. From the time it was announced definitely that his return to Berlin would be in December, very little else has been spoken of here in all circles, but of the most fitting manner in which to give him welcome. The papers were crowded with accounts of what was to be, and old and young, high and low, were eager to have a share in such a celebration. Artists, Architects, City Authorities, private citizens, all seemed to enter into a friendly compact to do their best and utmost to translate the prose of regular streets, buildings of brick and stone and mortar, every day and common-place sights and objects into a poetry of decoration, of color, of effect which would bear witness to the love and affection of those who stood ready to welcome the Emperor. Certainly the result was ample compensation for all the labor bestowed upon the preparations, and all who love the German Fatherland cannot but feel that the old year passes away more pleasantly because of the memorable triumphal welcome of the 5th of December. For some days before the 5th, the city presented the quaintest and most picturesque appearance. In the principal avenues crowds of work-men were busily occupied in constructing triumphal arches, rearing statues and allegoric and symbolic groups. Public and private edifices began by degrees to hide themselves under floating festoons of national colors and drooping fragrant wreathes and garlands of evergreens. Far into the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th the work went on. Every one was eager to know if it could be finished in time. I chanced to pass through one of the public places during the evening preceeding the entry, and although I have since then seen the glory of the pageant which followed, I can scarcely soon forget the odd and I may say beautiful effects which the unfinished work produced. The night was dark, and through its shadows flashed and glowed great torches of ruddy flame which were borne from one place to another, now, where light was needed. Busy workmen—soldiers and others—were passing hither and thither. Artisans stood near by giving directions. On all sides lay fragments of statues; a crowned head; laurel wreathes; symbols of victory; of Germania; uplifted hands; drooping white wings—so that one might almost fancy himself in the midst of the ruins of some ancient and classic city. Great painted banners were being swung into place. Moist and fragrant mounds of evergreens lay waiting, dumbly appealing to be fashioned into some welcoming shape. And so all night long, under the flare of the torches the work went on, and when the morning came, beauty and order and symmetry crowned the chaos of preparation. The arrival of the Emperor was fixed for twelve, noon. Hours before, the Linden and the other long avenues through which the procession was to pass were lined by thousands and thousands of people, patient and ordely, every window in the line of march was crowded and the roofs of the houses were often times occupied. Every house was decorated, some most elaborately. Facing the depot was a towering obelisk, ornamented with appropriate devices and Biblical texts, and covered with a profusion of palm branches and surrounded by massed shrubs and clinging vines, within whose embrace the waters of a fountain foamed and gleamed. From this point on, followed an almost unending avenue of arches festooned with flags and evergreens, until at the Brandenburg Gate, the entrance to the avenue "Unter den Linden," the effect was superb. About this grand and historic gate, transformed into a triumphal portal, were grouped towering evergreens until it seemed almost difficult to realize that it was in reality no longer summer. Looking southward from this entrance, was the verdant avenue we have just passed, and before us lies the Linden one succession of elaborate arches and statues. The Emperor, just before reaching Berlin, received from the Crown-Prince the "Government," which had been entrusted to him as regent, and hence entered his capital again as active ruler. From the windows which our party had on the "Linden," a most excellent opportunity was afforded us of watching the procession. It was really the grandest of sights. The center of the avenue was kept clear, but on both sides stood thousand and tens of thousands of people. Bands of music filled the air with martial strains. As the Emperor's carriage appeared the crowd broke out into the most enthusiastic and jubilant shouts. What a glad and pleasing contrast it was, this welcoming, rejoicing burst to the still, hushed throng which filled the Linden on the first Sunday in last June. The Emperor looked extremely well. With him was the Empress. Then followed the Crown Prince and Princess, and then many other carriages, and then the endless procession, corporations, the military, different guilds, the old veterans, but most interesting of all the students who came by hundreds and hundreds. The "Corps Studenten" were conspicuous in their caps and sashes of blue and orange and purple and crimson, and other colors, certainly a most picturesque sight. Some forty or fifty American students walked in the procession, led by the stars and stripes. The old Emperor appeared on the Balcony of the palace and was again most enthusiastically greeted by the crowd below.

But the finest thing of all in the reception celebration was the illumination of the evening. The whole city was one sea of flame. I can scarcely imagine anything finer. It would be utterly impossible to put into words the magical effects produced. The intense brilliancy of the newly discovered electric light is something marvelous, and at such a time as this may be used to splendid purpose. Nothing could be more striking and brilliant than the flashing through the night of this strange weird light. Modern art and science have brought new elements of beauty into such a scene as that of which I am speaking so that the old and well-known method of illumination seem almost to have vanished from thought and sight. Out of the dazzling, brilliant splendor of this illuminated night there will always live in my memory the recollection of one or two especially beautiful and striking scenes. Above the Brandenburg Gate rises a chariot of victory, drawn by four horses; at all times interesting and imposing, it was rendered peculiarly effective by the arrowy gleams of electric light which fell upon it. Beyond this rose into the night a winged victory, lifted high into the air on a towering column similarly illuminated. Like an enchanted tower, seemed the beautiful and symmetrical tower of city-hall, so lighted by

a glow of crimson fire that it seemed almost possessed of a vivid, passionate life. In the poorest houses were lighted tapers or some other attempt at adornment. In nearly every other window was a bust of the Emperor, surrounded by flowers or plants, and crowned with laurel.

Since his return the Emperor has been busily engaged, receiving deputations and corporations. A few days since the diplomatic corps were received at the Palace and paid their respects to the Emperor and Empress. The Empress made particular mention of the Minister, Mr. Carter, inquiring for him most kindly. Both the Emperor and Empress are looking extremely well—though the Emperor still carries his right arm in a sling, but his face is as bright and healthy—his smile as genial and his words as kindly as ever. On the Sunday following his return, especial services of Thanksgiving for his recovery were held in the different churches of the city.

The death of Bayard Taylor, the American Minister in Berlin, brings sorrow to many hearts, both in the Old World and the New. Mr. Taylor's appointment to his important post as the Representative of the United States at the Court of Berlin gave universal satisfaction both in America and Germany. On his arrival here last spring he was received with warmest and sincerest cordiality, and from the very first his rare and genial character, his personal worth, his marked and well-used talents, won for him a wide circle of friends. His health, which since his arrival has been far from good, has during the autumn been steadily failing, so that for some time past there has been but little if any hope of his recovery. His death on Thursday last, the 19th, came with painful suddenness, however, to many. The sympathy manifested for the afflicted widow and daughter has been most genuine, and even in the midst of their grief and desolation cannot fail to be of some comfort and consolation. Mr. Taylor's career has from the first been most striking and interesting—full of encouragement to every young man desirous of making for himself an honorable place in the world. His large acquaintance with German life and manners and literature, and his perfect command of the German language, fitted him peculiarly for the post to which he was called. As a lasting bond between German and English-speaking people will remain his masterly translation of Goethe's "Faust," perhaps the most striking work in all the wide range of German literature. The "Life of Goethe," upon which he was engaged, must now probably remain for ever unfinished. An elaborate philosophical poem of his, which has recently appeared, "Prince Deucalion," will now be read with deepest interest. By those who have come to know and love him here, in his new home, his loss will be most deeply felt, and yet in our present personal loss we feel that we have through our acquaintance with him gained a treasure which death is powerless to take.

Since I wrote the above, we have attended the funeral ceremonies at the American Legation, which were in the extreme simple and impressive. Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson delivered an eloquent address, briefly but lovingly sketching the life history of the poet and world-traveller. Auerbach, the famous German novelist, followed him, in a similarly touching poetic apostrophe to the departed, tender with words of deepest personal affection. The Emperor and Crown Prince were represented by their adjutants; the "Corps Diplomatique" was in attendance, and distinguished writers, Government officers, citizens and a large company of Americans were present. The German papers are filled with most eulogistic notices of Mr. Taylor as a man and author. FRANK WILLIAMS DAMON.

Hawaiian Legation, Berlin, Dec. 10, 1878.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

Germany, the birthplace of the Christmas Tree, is now centering its thoughts upon the festivities of the coming week. The very air seems filled with a spirit of preparation. In some circles, the recent death of the Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmsladt, Princess Alice of England, will however bring sadness at this Christmas tide. Throughout the Empire the mourning for this young wife and mother has been most deep and genuine. It has been said that no death since that of the idolized Queen Louisa, many years ago, has been so deplored. There was something peculiarly touching about the circumstances of her death. During the illness of her husband, the Grand Duke and that of her children, from diphtheria, she had retained her health and was enabled to care for them unweariedly. When they seemed no longer to need her care, she was herself seized with the same disease and shortly afterwards died. The Duchess has taken great interest in a Hospital in Darmstadt, and it is thought that the disease was contracted there.

Berlin presents a very animated appearance just now. The principal streets are crowded with busy buyers, and the shop windows are beautiful and tempting in the extreme. Little forests of Christmas trees, mounted on stands, make the public market places seem almost summer-like. In Germany no home is without its Christmas tree. There is something very beautiful in the universality of the custom, and in the interest with which the old as well as [illegible] look forward to the lighting of the [illegible] Christmas Eve. In different parts of the city little villages of booths have sprung up, where all manner of articles are being sold, so that the city seems to be one large fair. Tempting as the city is just now, your correspondent is running away for a few days at Christmas to friends in the country, who promise him a *real* German Christmas, difficult to find in large cities. Germany can no longer claim an exclusive right to the "Christmas tree" on the "Eve" dear to children. For round our world runs now at this blessed festive season a verdant belt of gleaming "trees," and all nations, where Christianity has found acceptance, join in this pleasant, old, but ever new custom. But Germany is still "*par excellence*" the land of "Christmas" and the "Christmas tree," and a visit here is scarcely complete without a "Christmas" celebration: and this I have had this year in perfection. My dear friends, the Von P. family, by their warm and urgent invitation, tempted me away from Berlin for the holiday week to their beautiful estate in Mecklenburg. As I left Berlin, the city lay robed in white, snowy draperies, growing whiter and whiter under the soft touch of the falling snow flakes. It was impossible not to know it was nearing Christmas. The trains were filled with merry travellers, muffled up to the eyes in huge furs, going home for the holidays. And at every station the keen air was warmed into a sort of summer mildness by laughter and welcoming words and hearty greetings. How like some gladdening burst of sunshine through rifted clouds in the midst of the world's business and cares and troubles these bright days in the heart of winter! In the Mecklenburg landscape there is but little variety; wide spreading plains stretching off to the Baltic. And yet there is for one born in the tropics, a never failing source of pleasure in the quietest of landscapes, purified by the whiteness of winter. And in the few hours' ride from Berlin, I felt, as scarcely ever before, the restful influence of gray skies, limitless expanse of spotless snow, sombre but richly shadowy forests. At one of the stations coming north our company were met by our host and son, who were just returning from hunting on their estate in Pomerania, so that we received a pleasant addition to our party. At Rostock, a quaint old town, one of the Hansa-league, our railway journey ended. The early winter twilight had already gathered over the antique gable roofs of the houses, so that we saw but little of the city. The family coach, with its four stalwart horses, was ready for us, and soon we were dashing off through dark evergreen forests, over roads sheeted with snow, and under the clear, starry December sky for a fifteen mile ride. What a warm, genial welcome in its comfort and elegance the Castle had in waiting for us, and better than all, the kindly, smiling faces of our friends greeting us as we left the darkness and cold! I am sadly tempted to give you a long account of our Christmas week here, but my time really permits me only to sketch it very hastily. My host is proprietor of one of the fine old Mecklenburg estates, which he manages with wisdom and skill. The castle, its surroundings, its interior, etc., are charming. There is a certain primitiveness, a conservativeness, a reminder of some old regime about the life and people here, so that I am half tempted to think I am reading some old romance, or poem or chronicle, or that during this holiday week I have been enjoying a long and pleasant dream, which will fade away as soon as I am once more in the midst of the realities and prose of Berlin.

The "modernizing" spirit which has of late made itself so much felt in Germany, has, happily, not to any very marked extent invaded the order and peace of this region of Mecklenburg. In this district are a number of old families of the nobility, owning large estates, and about whom cluster little villages of tenants and working people, whose fathers and forefathers lived and worked very much as they work to-day. It would be untrue to say that the condition of the people had not been much improved in some respects, that a freer and broader spirit does not exist here. But on the whole, the old times still linger, modified and mellowed by the new.

We have passed directly into all the enjoyments of winter country life. Each one is free to amuse himself as he may like, with walking, hunting, riding, sleighing, skating, etc., etc. The weather was perfect for Christmas. The snow which had fallen a few days before was in excellent condition for sleighing, and the sun glowed and gleamed in a gloriously blue northern sky, and reflected itself endlessly in snow crystals, in arrowy-pendant icicles, in frozen brooks and ponds. The castle stands on slightly rising ground, with a little lake on one side, now frozen and still, beyond which a wide and beautiful park of beech and oak, and pine and fir, stretches away. Not far off is the little village of Kölzow, which rests peacefully under the sway of the Schloss and its master. From the

drawing-room windows is a charming view of the little church, surrounded by now leafless trees, and hemmed in by glorious drifts of snow. As the shadows of Christmas eve gathered over the country, little groups of the country people might be seen wending their way on foot to the church, or coming in large parties in sleighs from the neighboring estates. The little church runs back with history some two or three hundred years, and yet seemed not too old to enter with a sort of quaint simplicity and earnestness into the services of Christmas. Before the altar stood two evergreen trees gleaming with tapers, —a pretty custom which I have seen only here. The church was further decorated with sprays and wreaths of green. The Mecklenburg church is "Lutherian," the "Reformed" being in a minority here. The altar of the church is profusely decorated with old carvings and paintings, and the high pulpit, where the young clergyman stood in black robe and bands, was similarly ornamented. The gallery in the rear is an ancient affair with wood carvings, family arms, etc. Facing the pulpit and near the altar are the high pews, fenced and railed in for the gentry of the neighborhood, and in the body of the church are seats for the people. The services on Christmas eve consisted of chants and choral singing from the choir of boys and men, and prayers and reading of passages of Scripture by the clergyman—a quiet vesper service. As we came out again into the evening air and gray-lighted atmosphere, it seemed like the finding of some old picture which I had seen and tried to realize long, long ago in the Tropics as a boy, thinking of what a northern Christmas eve must be. Through the door of the church, framed in curving arches of stone, came glimpses of the twinkling, gleaming tapers. Quiet stars shown in the softly darkening skies. The snow clothed the land far as the eye could reach with a mantle of stainless purity, lifted itself in massive waves over fences and walls, crested the roofs and lighted the gloom gathering in the firs. Sleigh bells tinkled in the frosty air, and pleasant words passed between those hastening home to delight the little ones' eyes with the ever new-born beauty of the Christmas tree. In all the snow-covered houses of the village stood Christmas trees. The "Forester" had seen that each family was provided with one. And the fathers and mothers and children gathered about them and gave and received their simple gifts as has been so long a custom in this German-land.

In the castle we had the same pleasant custom, though perhaps on a somewhat larger scale. The ringing of a bell announced to us that our presence was desired, and we entered the large, brilliantly lighted hall, in triumphal procession, while the music of a German choral came to us from one of the neighboring rooms. It was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. Two trees with tapers, covered with all manner of bright and glittering ornaments, which it is the delight of German children's hearts to make and buy, gave us welcome. Running all around the great room were little tables, bright with gifts and lighted with Christmas tapers. Each one had his or her table. What a bright, merry time we had! No one was forgotten; and amid the pleasure of renewed surprises, of giving and receiving of thanks, the evening passed pleasantly away, though not, however, without leaving an impress upon one heart and memory, at least from which it can never be effaced.

Some times in this region of country, and in Sweden also I think, they have an odd and very amusing way of distributing presents. The company is seated in one room, and presently and mysteriously a great parcel is thrown amid the waiting group. It is often of mammoth size, carefully and elaborately enveloped in coverings, and directed to some of the company. He opens it with eager expectation, to find that beneath his address is that of some one else. The next in turn is doomed to similar disappointment, and so the joke goes round, until some happy person is found for the gift. It is often productive of much fun and merriment.

Christmas day was exceedingly pleasant. In the morning we attended the services in the church, and had a good Christmas sermon from the young clergyman. Later a grand Christmas dinner, and a pleasant evening *en famille*. The Christmas festivities here are prolonged to two holidays, but they are spent more quietly than with us and are regarded somewhat more as sacred days.

On New Year's there is a more boisterous life among the common people. We have had during Christmas week a charming gathering of friends of the family to celebrate the birth-day of the eldest daughter of the house. The guests came through the snow, some of them from a considerable distance. The great family coaches and sleighs presented quite an imposing appearance, drawn by four horses. The country life of the gentry here is very pleasant. They have large, comfortable homes, plenty reigns on every side, and each estate is a sort of little kingdom. A certain charming stately old-fashioned formality and politeness, colored and warmed by truest and simplest friendliness, which one sees here, is very delightful and interesting. Our time passes swiftly by. During the day the gentlemen hunt or ride or write, and the ladies busy themselves with their work, or conversation. At dinner we all meet, and the evening is filled up with music, with games, conversation, etc. The ice has been in most excellent condition for skating, but the little thaw which we are now having is a disappointment for the skaters. With the festivities of Sylvester evening and New Year's will close our holidays in the country, and we shall say good-bye to our kind friends and be in a few hours in Berlin.

In closing, I cannot but think amid how widely different scenes I am writing these few words from those in which you in the tropics may read them. I watched the sun rise this morning in the gray east. First came a soft warm glow in the winter sky, a low lying band of amber light, growing brighter and brighter, and yet seeming almost shy of its own brightness, so strangely reluctant does color seem to make itself felt in a winter landscape. Now a blue sky, with slowly gathering clouds forms itself above us as the day goes on. Not far away to the north lies the Baltic, cold and gray and wintry. Forest lands stretch to east and west, north and south. In the woods and on the fields here and there lie traces and tracts in the snow of the timid hare and swift deer, lures to the hunter. The snow has partly melted away, showing now and then brown earth and faded turf, and on the huge old-fashioned barn roofs, vivid patches of emerald moss. In the park, gothic aisles of myriad leafless twigs and curving branches, stand waiting for the resurrection glory of the spring. Sounds of all kinds of feathered and animal life come to us from barn and stall. Solemn cawing crows fly like a shadow over the snow, and countless sparrows make summer in the trees. Peace, plenty and prosperity seem to reign on every side, from the castle, with its tower, to the simple peasant-cottage, from which the smoke rises into the quiet air. As I close, the sun sends a golden shower of beams over the landscape, and as it passes westward I send with it to you my New Year's greetings.

F. W. Damon.

Kolzow bei Sulze.
Mecklenburg, December 30th, 1879.

My Grandfather's Clock.

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

CHORUS.

Ninety years without slumbering (tick, tick, tick, tick),
His life-seconds numbering (tick, tick, tick, tick),
It stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours he had spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found;
For it wasted no time, and had but one desire—
At the close of each week to be wound;
It was kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night—
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

Berlin, Jan. 19.—The *North German Gazette* denies the sensational report relative to Germany's intended action toward the Samoan Islanders, and states that Germany will merely keep a sufficient naval force in that neighborhood to retain possession of two small ports on the Island of Upolu, which they seized and will hold as a pledge until the Samoan Government grants Germany her treaty rights.

Bismarck is preparing to submit to the Federal Council a law for the regulation of railway tariffs.

Bismarck has written and caused to be published a letter apealing to the agricultural community of Germany to afford him their united and vigorous support in his work of fiscal reform. He refers to the new duties to be levied upon imported corn and cattle, and expresses the opinion that such taxation has become an unavoidable necessity.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To the Planters and Foreign Residents.

Chinese Church Building Fund.

VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SOLICITED in aid of Christian Chinese to purchase land and build a Church in Honolulu to worship Almighty God in their own language. The call for a Church comes from themselves.

Pledges are invited, to be paid on or before the 10th of January, 1880, which will be received by Mr. Joseph B. Atherton, the Treasurer, Mr. Gookim, or Mr. Aseu.

Funds can also be remitted to Bishop & Co., Bankers, for account of Chinese Church Building Fund.

JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE.

January 1st, 1879. d28 6m

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